

CLEAN UP OR PAY UP

MINDS MUST CLASH

Stephen Leacock, who was a good college professor as well as a great humorist, once said that if he were asked to start a college with one room only, he would make it a lounge.

Then, if funds permitted, he would add a library. And only after these two would he build a classroom. What most college students need, and desperately lack, is an informal place to meet with each other and with their teachers.

With their teachers, however, as human beings. The modern college lounge is elegant and comfortable, with hi-fi and bridge tables and soothing decor — but there is no meeting of minds, no clash of ideas.

WHAT IS missing in the modern college is a sense of reality, a feeling of relevancy. The students read their texts and perform their assignments; the teachers are busy lecturing or grading, or doing administrative duties. All are operating more or less in an academic vacuum.

Leacock understood that a dozen or more students sitting around a room, smoking and talking to a teacher or two about essential ideas and ways of life — this is the heart and soul of education, as distinct from mere learning.

College students on every campus have said, "If it weren't for Professor So-and-So, I'd have got nothing out of college." And what they mean is not so much the professor's classroom teaching as his personal radiance, his willingness to come to grips with basic ideas in informal conversations over coffee or beer or while pulling at a pipe.

SUCH RAPPORT is usually lacking in large universities because of their very size, but even smaller schools fail to promote an atmosphere of discussion and debate, where young people who are groping for belief can come in contact with warm and balanced minds.

Some wise man once defined education as "what remains with you after you have forgotten everything you learned," and this is in a large sense true. It is the bull-session, not the lecture hall, where we come fully alive to the fundamental issues of human life.

So long as our colleges are run like huge industrial plants, so long as the personal equation is submerged in the testing and the grading — so long will our students feel that college is just a passport to a job, without a visa admitting them to the promised land of wisdom.

University of Tampa Has Picturesque History

"Only God knows why Plant built a hotel here, but thank God he did," said an American cavalry general of the Spanish-American War. He was speaking of what you now know as the University of Tampa building and of the dynamic personality, Henry B. Plant, who built it.

Henry B. Plant of Connecticut settled in Georgia in 1854. Soon afterward he organized the Southern Express Corporation. During the depression of 1873-79, Mr. Plant began to buy bankrupt railroads in the southeastern part of the United States. He brought Savannah, Jacksonville and Tampa into continuous communication, and by 1884 Tampa had regular train service with Jacksonville, thus being linked with the rest of the country.

Tampa at that time was a community of 700 in a "sea of sand" with "wooden derelict buildings." Mr. Plant's most colorful venture was to build the Tampa Bay Hotel, now the home of our University.

The cornerstone was laid in 1888 and the formal opening was in February, 1891. This was a great event for Tampa. Elaborate festivities including a grand reception and a ball marked the opening.

The first season was a big success. When a naval squadron came to Tampa, Mr. and Mrs. Plant entertained Admiral Walker with appropriate ceremony. Four years later Mrs. U. S. Grant was an honored guest. Another cause for elaborate celebration was the opening of the Lafayette Street Bridge.

Gay and fashionable tourists thronged this ornate and gorgeously furnished hotel, though some of Mr. Plant's critics described it as a bizarre affair, covered with gingerbread decorations.

Railroad and steamship connections and a good hotel helped Tampa to grow from 700 people to 10,000 in five years.

At the beginning of the Spanish-American War, Tampa had the best port (owned by Mr. Plant's company) for operations in Cuba. Soldiers of the regular army began to pour into Tampa by the thousands. During the war the Tampa Bay Hotel was likened to a Brussels hotel just before the battle of Waterloo. Famous newspaper correspondents including such great names as Richard Harding Davis, Frederic Remington and Stephen Bonsal stayed here. Theodore Roosevelt had his camp one mile from the Tampa Bay Hotel. Mrs. Roosevelt stayed here when she visited him. Porches and corridors were filled with officers of the Army and Navy.

The City of Tampa bought the hotel in 1905 and operated it for a number of years. Later the hotel closed, and in 1933 the building was reopened as the newly organized University of Tampa.

When you pass through the halls of Tampa U., walk proudly, for you are walking on historic ground. These same halls have echoed with the footsteps of the lighthearted and frivolous, sounded with the tread of the rich and the mighty. They have thundered with the footsteps of soldiers. Great personages have passed through the rotunda. Great names in history, memories now.

But in our American way of life where success crowns effort—who knows, perhaps even greater personages may evolve from the group that passed this very morning. They may find fame and accomplishment that will further enrich our country's history—and the history of this building.

DE NOVO NOW ACCEPTING MANUSCRIPT FOR MAY ISSUE

Plans are being laid for the May issue of *De Novo*, the literary magazine of the University of Tampa, published by Sigma Tau Delta. The publication is composed of selections written by students, faculty members and staff members of the University. Martha DeWitt has been appointed Editor of the Spring edition and Staff announcements will be made in the near future.

Manuscripts will be accepted from now until April 10th. They may be submitted to Dr. Howard G. Baker or left at the office of the *Minaret*.

So gather up your thoughts and tales of "shoes and ships and sealing wax—of cabbages and kings" and help make this another fine issue. Subject matter is unlimited, and one may choose any short literary form such as, essay, poetry, short story, short drama, humorous sketch, literary criticism, or book report. But it must be said in 2500 words—or less, and it must be typewritten and double-spaced.

If you missed the January issue, there are a few copies still available. They may be obtained by contacting Margaret Wilcox or Eddie Edwards at the *Minaret* office.

Tampa U. Offers Unique Service

March 9, State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America. Individual interviews beginning at 9:00 a.m. and lasting 20-30 minutes. Informational materials are available in this office upon request. If you wish to take advantage of this opportunity, we ask that you come in and schedule time of appointment. This company is interested in students who have majored in Math. for Actuarial positions, or Liberal Arts and Business Administration Majors for Group Insurance Consultants training.

March 25, Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company (Retail Sales Careers). Group meeting in the morning followed by individual interviews in the afternoon. Group interview will be held at 11:30 a.m. Room for interviews has not been reserved, but will be announced later from this office. Those interested are requested to come to this office to schedule appointments.

Notice From Dean Setear

We have asked the student body to cooperate with us in keeping the lobby clean, but we find that there are still a few students who are throwing coffee cups and soft drink cups on the floor. The situation is one that the administration is ashamed of. Once again, we are asking you to please keep the lobby clean. If we cannot get your cooperation, you will force us to take the following action:

1. All coke and soft drink machines will be removed from the university.
2. Any student found in the lobby with a coffee cup or soft drink cup will be fined \$1.

Tampa U. Students Do It Again

by Jerry Herms

I wonder how many of the students of the University of Tampa have ever heard of a play called *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*? I suppose that a great many of them have. For those who haven't, here is a little information about *DEATH OF A SALESMAN* that might prove helpful when you find yourself in the midst of an intellectual discussion in the Spartan Room.

The play was first presented in 1949. The author, Arthur Miller, who everybody knows is Marilyn Monroe's husband, must have impressed quite a few people when he wrote this play, because he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize and the New York Drama Critics Circle Award for this outstanding literary work.

Fortunate indeed for the students of the University of Tampa that a play of the stature of *DEATH OF A SALESMAN* was selected for presentation this spring! Here was the opportunity for students to take part in what critics call "theater at its best". Here was the opportunity to present a play that would, in all probability, make a lasting good impression of the University of Tampa on the followers of culture in the Tampa Bay area.

But alas! The students of the University of Tampa will not suffer culture to be forced upon them and their community! They will not donate a small amount of their time,

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**"DEATH OF
A SALESMAN"
DIES!
NO CAST!**

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EDITORIAL

MINARET EDITOR QUILTS!

This newly elected editor of the Minaret quits asking nicely for cooperation from the student body. . . quits beating around the bush waiting for a few interested students to publish the Minaret. Instead I'm going to put it to you as bluntly as possible. Unless there is some interest shown in this publication soon the above headline will grace the front page of this newspaper.

WHY?

Why should there be a college newspaper? Why even bother to publish it if no one is interested? A college newspaper is valuable to the school in many ways. It is a public relations agent, representing the University of Tampa all over the United States and Canada. It is the voice of the student body of this university. And I might add, a mighty weak one. . . almost inaudible. It is a training ground for anyone who is interested in the business world and its many facets. A person who is active on the newspaper staff learns about reporting, publishing, financing, lay-outs, writing, proof reading, learns to deal with people and take it from one who knows he learns PATIENCE. The students of this and every university have many gripes, the newspaper is an excellent place to air them. Many of the suggestions made by the students are carried out by the administration, but first of all they must be made known. The newspaper is the best way there is of advertising your organizations and the various functions, of gaining recognition for your sorority or fraternity for their many activities. And most important of all, freedom of the press is a heritage that we should want to uphold. . . that we should want to pass on to the students to follow us.

SHOULD THE MINARET BE DISCONTINUED?

If the next edition of the Minaret carried the headline "Minaret to be Discontinued". . . would you care? Would you go about in your own smug unconcerned little world saying "What's it to me?" Many of you would, I'm sure, but I think that there just may be one or two who would rise up in anger, with "What right has anyone to stop us from publishing a newspaper?" Believe me, it is far from easy for an editor to put out a paper of any kind with one or two faithful reporters and a diligent business manager. One or two people can not put out a decent paper, in fact, they're lucky if they get one out at all. Right now we are two issues behind. No copy. The last issue was written by one or two faithful staff members who are giving their time and talents to try and hold the paper together. It was a lousy paper, we're the first one to admit it, but not one of the students who criticized it offered any assistance to help make it any better.

ADMINISTRATION WILLING TO COOPERATE WITH STAFF

At a staff meeting held last week, members of the administration and faculty agreed that they were one hundred percent behind the Minaret staff, and offered any assistance possible. They are not a governing body, they do not want control of the Minaret. . . but they do want to see a worthwhile newspaper, one that is a good representation of this university. Are we going to cooperate with them?

QUIT BEING A GROUP OF LETHARGIC JUVENILES

College students are supposedly adult. . . we seem to be conducting a kindergarten. . . instead of a university. Many students want to be spoon fed, diaper changed and guided by the hand in every step. What does it take to shake up this student body? If you don't give a damn about this university. . . why don't you quit attending? A group of lazy, don't care students are as bad as no students at all. Yes, I'm up on my proverbial soap box again, but this time, if it doesn't do some good you will see the headlines mentioned above. It's up to every organization on this campus to get behind the staff, to contribute stories and articles, and to make the Minaret a worth while project. The Pi Delta Epsilon Journalism Fraternity is falling short of their obligations in not supporting the Minaret, as are many other honor fraternities. It's up to YOU. . . AND YOU AND MOST OF ALL YOU. . . Have you taken a good look at yourself lately?

PARKING TICKET RACKET

by Clyde Ziegler

The parking problem at the University of Tampa has long been a serious one. But of late, it has been made worse by a very inefficient police department who seem determined to fleece the student body on fake parking violations.

Nor are these charges hearsay for this reporter personally received two parking tickets within a week. Were I guilty I would cheerfully pay, but being innocent I paid in the opposite frame of mind.

On both occasions my car was parked in a clearly marked off (yellow-lined) parking space with cars on both sides of me. There were no "reserved" or "no parking" signs around. In fact, this last alleged offense was a spot in which I parked throughout last semester.

This parking ticket scourge is new, coming in with the State Fair but not going out with it. Someone in city hall must need cigar money as the streets certainly aren't repaired with the fines.

It is hard enough for most of the University students to meet school expenses without the additional support of city hall on their wallets. These dollars mount up fast to us ex-G.I.'s.

The University officials sadly shake their heads and relate that their hearts bleed for us but that they can do nothing about it as it is city property and the city can thus do as it pleases.

It is indeed a sad state of affairs when a University serving a community has no say in that community and can not even acquire adequate parking facilities for its students.

It is a very black eye to the of the fact that many of the students (myself included) commute from surrounding cities and thus are forced to drive their cars. Of course, we can always transfer to another university in some other city and/or state.

The Dreambeat WHY DON'T THEY?

Why don't they have a TV quiz show called "Money isn't everything? . . . Why don't they have blue eyed peas? . . . Why don't they have salt and pepper mixed in one box? . . . Why don't they stop reminding us of how many calories there are in a shot of booze? . . . Why don't they invent a pill to house-break a dog? . . . Why don't they give a pair of rubber gloves with each bag of popcorn? . . . Why don't they put snazzy jackets on the Smith Brothers? . . . Why don't rich Texans carry their own head waiters? . . . Why don't they make celluloid bowling balls? . . . Why don't they make a money clip that will shrink with your bankroll? . . . Why don't they have smaller hydrants for smaller dogs? . . . Why don't they have electric corkscrews? . . . Why don't they make cans you can open by pushing a button? . . .

Why don't they call that strained look Video Virus? . . . Why don't they have two-colored telephones to match your car? . . . Why don't they bottle shoe polish in spray cans? . . . Why don't former restaurant owners become prize-fighters? . . . Why don't they etch the actual liquid content on the sides of those oversized shot glasses? . . . Why don't they have Coed Turkish baths? . . . Why don't they advertise registration for Fraternity Rush? . . . Why don't they put out a shaving cream that automatically heals cuts? . . . Why don't left handed fighters fight left handed fighters? . . . Why don't they put ink erasers on fountain pens? . . . Why don't restaurants fight the drug stores by selling wonder drugs with the meals? . . . Why don't they have frozen food insurance in case you drop a package on your foot? . . . Why don't they have white-walled doughnuts? . . . Why don't they print those art magazines on canvas? . . .

Why don't they make pajamas with two pairs of pants? . . . Why don't they have dice games on the Havana-bound planes? . . . Why don't people who never had anything just admit it? . . . Why don't they put Marlon Brando back in a T-shirt? . . . Why don't they make an automobile with safety-belt payments? . . .

Why don't those TV detectives arrest a guy so far downtown that they'll have to take him uptown? . . . Why don't they develop an instant whiskey? . . . Why don't they put jaywalkers in matador's costumes? . . . Why don't they invent pajamas with ankle straps so the pants don't creep up on you at night? . . . Why don't they lower the prices of lower cars? . . . Why don't they make people enter the buses by the center door so it will be easier for them to step to the rear? . . . Why don't they make keys in different colors so the guy who isn't seeing so good doesn't have to spend so much time fumbling for the right one? . . . Why don't they have square port holes? . . . Why don't they have toupees that can be tied under your chin on windy days? . . . Why don't they make bathrobes that look like dressing gowns? . . . Why don't cash registers have soothing chimes instead of those harsh rings? . . . Why don't telephones disconnect automatically after three minutes of gossip? . . . Why don't Helen and Harry Hart do something about those coughs? . . . Why don't they get someone else to write this nonsense? . . .

MINARET

DEADLINE

MARCH 6

The Minaret

The Minaret is the official publication of the student body of the University of Tampa. It is published bi-weekly during school year. The editors welcome comment and criticisms. Address all correspondence to the MINARET, Box 28, University of Tampa, Tampa 6, Florida.

Dr. Howard G. Baker
Faculty Advisor



Editor-In-Chief:
Jean Morris

Business Manager _____ Eddie Edwards
Associate Editor _____ Jerry Wetherington
Sports Editor _____ Mel Baumel
Sorority Editor _____ Dahn Hernandez
News Editors _____ Clyde Ziegler, Ron Brickey
Columnist _____ Bernie McGovern
Reporter _____ Ellen Edmiston
Clyde Zeigler

Dear Joey . . .

by: Joey, of course

Dear Joey:
Whenever I come home late my mother hears me. Any suggestions? A.R.

Dear A. R.:
Try an escape hatch to your room. —Joey.

Dear Joey:
My father waits for me with a shotgun if I come home late with my steady. How can I prevent a disturbance? D.Z.

Dear D. Z.:
Secretly replace bullets with balls of cotton. —Joey.

Dear Joey:
My father thinks I am too young to date. What do you think? M.A.

Dear M. A.:
I'd wait until I was seven; if I were you. —Joey.

Dear Joey:
I have a class in the Biology Lab right after a class in the Psychology Department with only ten minutes to get there. Help! G.T.

Dear G. T.:
Ask the head custodian if you can borrow his bike, sprout wings, keep a stimulating pace with the varsity track men, roller skate, or try hitching a ride in a grocery cart. —Joey.

Zeta Tau Alpha

The Zeta Tau Alpha Alumni held a tea honoring Lady Forbes, Sunday, Feb. 8. The social was held in the University of Tampa Ballroom, and both alumni and active Zetas attended. A turquoise and silver flower arrangement was used as a centerpiece.

Zeta Tau Alpha informal rush party was held Saturday, Feb. 28. The formal rush party is scheduled for Sunday, Mar. 8.

Carlene Phinney, Zeta pledge was chosen to represent Tampa in the "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" contest, in Miami. She was sponsored by the Friday Morning Musical.

Newly Elected Theta Chi Officers 1959-60

President — Sam Giunta
Vice Pres. — Plano Valdez
Sec. — Andrew Mirabole
Cor. Sec. — Mel Baumel
Asst. Treas. — Joe Andrews
Pledge Marshall — Joe Vega
Intramural Dir. — Fred Gonzalez.
Historian — Wayne Wilson
Chaplain — Tommy Morgan
Librarian — Joe Testasecca
1st guard — Albert Gonzalez
2nd guard — Spiro Moutsatsos

BAPTIST STUDENT UNION

The Baptist Student Union has elected the following officers:

President, Bill Baeckler; vice pres., Tommy Simmons; enlistment chairman, John Wright; women's dormitory representative, Miriam Hayes; men's dormitory representative, Tommy Simmons; day representative, Gloria Pettigrew; room chairman, Reggie Tullis; social chairman, Mary Jaques; missions chairman, Audrey Abreu; devotional chairman, Robert Hudson; publicity chairman, Shirlee Smith; secretary, Gloria Pettigrew; music director, Dick Winters; assistant music director, Robin Ledbetter; faculty advisor, Frances B. Allen.

These officers will serve for the year ending in January of 1960. All students are invited to attend the weekly meetings on Thursdays at eleven o'clock and Mondays at twelve o'clock.

T. U. Students Do It Again
(Continued on page 3)
even to so worthwhile an event as the production of a Pulitzer Prize-winning play.

So... due to the fact that only eight people out of approximately 1500 evidenced any interest at all, the play was cancelled. Once again the ponderous fisteris of the lethargic lobby-lounger smothers an attempt to breath life into almost-dead Dramatic Art at the University of Tampa.

Alpha Chi Omega

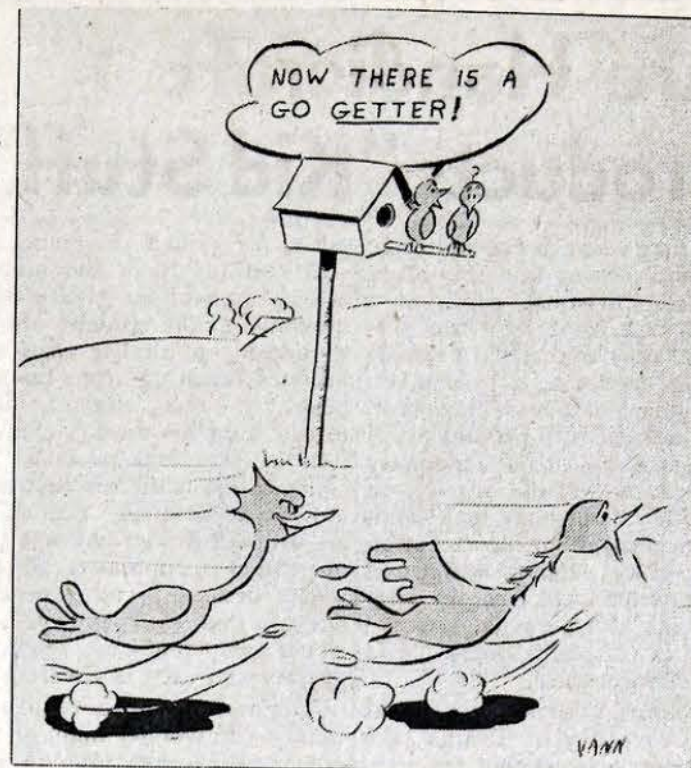
With the launching of their informal rush party and the introduction of "Vish", Alpha Chi successfully makes the first visit to outer space and the "Forbidden Planet." Weird monsters and strange surprises will await the rushees as they travel with the Alpha Chi's on their trip to the "Forbidden Planet."

March 1 which is the date of their informal party is also "Hera Day," a day dedicated to helping others, named for Hera the patroness of Alpha Chi. White will be the order of dress for the day in honor of Hera.

Their formal rush party, scheduled for March 7 will also hold many surprises for the new rushees.

First Cartoon

The first cartoon in an American newspaper appeared on May 9, 1854, in Benjamin Franklin's Pennsylvania Gazette, published in Philadelphia. Intended to impress the colonists with the need of presenting a united front against the French, the cartoon depicted a snake cut into eight parts, the head representing New England, and the other seven parts New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.



Spartan Cafeteria

NEW HOURS

Breakfast - - - - - 7:00 - 9:00
Lunch - - - - - 11:30 - 1:00
Dinner - - - - - 4:30 - 6:00
SPECIAL: Pizza Pie - - 25c - 40c ea.

FROM OUR OVEN

A new idea in smoking...

Salem refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Salem adds a wholly new quality to smoking... refreshes your taste just as a sudden breeze on a warm Spring day refreshes you. Rich tobacco taste with a new surprise softness... menthol-fresh comfort... most modern filter, through which flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Smoke refreshed... pack after pack... get a carton of Salems!

Take a Puff... It's Springtime

Are Handicraft Products "Kid Stuff"

It may seem to the visitor or student viewing linoleum block printed Christmas cards in a show case, that here are products "easy to make". A simple woven basket or a plastic letter opener, to a casual observer, does not seem to present much of a challenge for a University student. A ceramic display, on the other hand, may look semi-professional, with the exception of perhaps hand sculptured pieces which are entirely original and the personal creative product of individuals of a Handicrafts class.

Industrial Arts students at the University of Tampa take Handicraft as teacher training. Some students may also take the course as part of the General Educational Program. Other students take the course as an elective for reasons and purposes of their own, perhaps to learn a hobby or to develop a skill to use in leisure time. In Handicraft courses students learn to work with craft tools and materials and to develop reasonable judgment and skill. They become oriented in the processes and principles of manufacturing craft products.

The interests of many men and women attending colleges and universities have never included the appreciation of creative art objects or the production of originally crafted pieces. They must learn to manipulate and identify tools and materials used in both elementary and secondary school Handicraft classes. As beginners Handicraft students are shown how to make potato prints a child can plan, cut and print. Students also make colored block prints to challenge the elementary school student. Some students plan linoleum block designs calling for careful registration of two or more blocks of different colors of sufficient difficulty to interest students on the secondary school level.

Such examples of various types of printed linoleum block displayed in a craft show case, simultaneously, may lead a casual observer to conclude that Handicraft work is "Kid Stuff". It must be remembered that these future elementary and secondary school teachers will be teaching children, not adults, and that all teachers work with children with limited abilities as well as with children who must be challenged with advance craft projects.

The planned and vicarious learning in the thinking through of a craft product to be made, as well as the manipulative ex-

perience gained in working with various tools and materials is often of far greater significance to the student who is to become a teacher than the product resulting from his experience. The student also learns from his own re-evaluation of his final product (in consultation with his instructor), of adjustments needed in his original design concept and of refined manipulative adjustments needed to improve and develop his skill and professional competency as each craft project and area is covered.

The weaving of a rush basket by a university man, or the chasing of copper foil by a university woman, taking Handicrafts as his or her first Industrial Arts course of a manipulative nature, is a novel experience. An experience, probably entirely different from any other they have ever encountered. Simple mastery of the techniques involved by these students without previous manipulative experience, for them, is real accomplishment although to the casual observer the product may lack professional appeal.

A free form ceramic dish reproduced in quantity from a plaster mold in a Handicrafts program usually has a professional look when glazed in beautiful colors. However, the student's hand sculptured pieces, of humble appearance, show greater originality and skill on the part of the student who has created an object of the student's own original design, containing the sum total of his other experiences with clay modeling.

One of the prime objectives of the Industrial Arts Handicrafts courses is orientation of students in techniques and skills used in creating industrial products. Mold making and the pouring of ceramic objects from moulds forms an important part in the study of ceramics, but originality in ceramic design concept and creativity on the part of the student in modeling and sculpting is also of great significance and should receive adequate recognition. Most students can pour slip in a mold and create a simple ceramic piece. But not all students are original, creative, skilled, or possess the design ability necessary in the production of a soundly modeled or sculpted ceramic product. Thus an opportunity for the student to try his or her hand in simple modeling and sculpting is of importance in

FIFTH COLUMN

by Clyde Ziegler

Do you know who Wilbur Wafer is? He is the typical newspaper columnist who writes short items of no importance. He covers everything from movie stars to election predictions. He does it like this:

Tragedy struck the International Indigestion Sufferers convention last night. President John Grunch attempted a four syllable word and choked to death in the process. The world has lost a great complainer.

You all remember Lillian Lampblack, the silent screen star. Last night she was back in the theatre after 25 years in seclusion. The play is called "Moonlight, Aardvarks and You." Lillian was sitting in the last row of the theatre when the police came for her. She claims she found the tickets. The judge doubted it, gave her two years to change her story... they took her away this morning.

District Attorney Melvin Furbisher suffered a broken leg this morning. He was conducting a personal investigation of the Crudney Parade accident in which 18 marchers fell into an open manhole. Mel couldn't understand it. He can now... same manhole.

When you read this elsewhere, remember that Wilbur Wafer had it first: Castro's beard is a fake. Refugee Juan Juan told this reporter yesterday that it was made from Aardvark fur by a native craftsman as a prop for a high school play. That was in 1932. They don't make glue like they used to.

Thought for the day — Aardvarks of the world, Unite! You have nothing to lose but obscurity.

the ceramic area of instruction.

The degree of proficiency of a student will vary according to his aim and purpose in taking the course and the experience the student has had of a manipulative nature dealing with craft materials and equipment, hand tools, native materials, or machine techniques used industrially. For this reason display material representing the work of Handicraft students, while varying in proficiency has never been for the students involved "easy", nor does the student producing the work consider his or her work deserving of the title "Kid Stuff".

Dr. Charles S. Giles.

Potpourri

Hoo Ha! Calhoo Calhay! Our exultations ring out through Tampa's own corner of the Moslem Empire. At long last we have contributors to our ramblings. In view of this, we have decided to step aside with our own nonsense and make way for someone else's.

Just as we predicted, within the crumbling walls of this temple of learning were hidden untold stores of virginal verse. We like to think that the irresistible challenge voiced in our preceding revelations was the prime factor in this emancipation from the fetters of reclusiveness.

As a start, here is one contributor's impression of his own beloved alma mater, (wherever it may be.)

Dear ole Mediocre U. (that's where I go)

A good place to be from. A grand old school (cross your fingers Joe)

Just waitin' for a bomb.

The faculty is, I shouldn't say this,

Mostly 90 years young.

Its inhabitations all, but truth is bliss,

To the four winds flung.

And in the teachers rest (or hibernate)

A world of talent unknown.

Just like the meat in (you know ITS fate)

The marrow of a bone.

The serious young (with all respect)

And the giddish old

This paradox commands (as is suspect)

Hidden humor untold.

And when I enter these Hal-

lowed Halls

Where Quiet, Peace, and Learning resides,

I see the scholar's world and self-made dignity

And laughter splits my sides.

Marshall Robin

"Procrastination", said some-

one a few years back, "is the

thief of time". We feel that this

is doubly true in matters literary.

It is for this reason that the

field of literature is, and will

be, open for persevering neophytes.

Too many of the aspirants to literary heights,

however, fall into the teeming

rats' nest of nonproduction. A

conscientious reader has offered

the following advice by Og-

den Nash which we think very

well expresses our own ideas.

"Each year I make a promise

sober.

That I'll be literate by October.

Every summer for years and

years

I've read Sherlock Holmes and

The Three Musketeers."

THIS HERE CAT WAS BUGGED

by Clyde Ziegler

Like the other day, this here cat comes up to us and asks us what's buggin' all these young college cats that makes them wail the philosophy that's beat.

We tells the cat that we ain't hip to why, but we give a little guess that maybe they don't dig this here jazz of makin' more bombs than any other cats in the world, and makin' the scene with dynamite at other cats' churches, and closin' the schools to keep cats that's different out, and throwin' eggs and all this other jazz — while all the time the big boss cat sits in his pad in Washington and blows the jazz that everything's goin' to be real cool and nice, 'cause he's really hip to it all.

And man, this here cat that was askin' us why just gives out with a cool and quiet "Oh," and quits the scene real quick.

As thoroughly confused members of the Beer, Philosophy and Folklore Society of the University of Tampa, we offer the following recommendations for good reading between classes.

(1) "De Novo" — An excellent medley of prose and verse by T.U. students.

(2) Sophocles — "Theban Plays"

(3) "Dreambeat" — An excellent collection of humorous nonsense; witty, noneducational, nonfattening and nondemoralizing, but chock full of king size chuckles.

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Certified Gemologists

and

Registered Jewelers

American Gem Society

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FREE
ESTIMATES

OUT TO LUNCH

by Clyde Ziegler

Tests and no-doze and sleeping tablets now fully digested, despite rusty hinges on stomach trap doors, little academic minds now, once again, turn to intellectual thoughts about drink, the opposite sex and "Cheyenne" — excluding one expelled student who unthinkingly threw his ethics test away and handed in his crib sheets. And test week and Kools do seem ever so mild compared to the ordeal of registration, which is about as exhaustive as arguing with profs over final grades.

I began registering yesterday, after I definitely concluded it wasn't just another silly campus fad. I somersaulted my way to the registrar's office to be assisted by an assistant.

"I'm I. M. Anonymous (Minaret columnists are too chicken to give their real names) — sick senior. I've been carrying 22 hours each semester the past eight years and as a result I have ugly ulcers, a crooked spine and a twisted outlook on life, a balding head, academic acne, and a seeing-eye dog, but it's worth it to graduate in June," I heartily chuckled, flopping to the floor. "Oh? That IS sad," she yawned. "Didn't your advisor tell you?" she chuckled.

"Tell me WHAT?" I gasped, after a half-hour pause. "That you're short 105 hours," she giggled, turning several cartwheels across the ceiling.

"But, ma'm, I must graduate in June — or I'll shoot myself," I chuckled.

"Not without the graduate council's approval!" she snapped, laying her hoola-hoop aside.

"But, ma'm, you told me last semester I needed only 15 more hours."

"Tee, hee, hee. So I did. But, I'm afraid, dear, we made a little mistake — forgot to record your credit hours, you see," she howled happily, then added: "But, remember, little lad, the immortal words of that immortal baseball umpire, noted for never having called a man out, Thumbless Turpentine, who once said: 'To err is human.'"

And, of course, during this great age of Martian invasions, it was reassuring to know I was dealing with a human. So, I calmly began clobbering her with my Pinky Lee fountain pen, leaving her with the mortal words of Thumbless Turpentine who once muttered, when he had thumbs, "You're out."

I then cha-chaed my way to the Dean of Men's office where for the past several years years they've asked me and I've told them — "No I don't have a car" — but you know, they STILL haven't sent one out to me! (But I think they'll be getting to me soon, for I see the Athletic department got theirs.)

Then I hop-scotched my way to the Business office where a pretty money-changer extended her pretty palm, winked and cooed:

"Five dollars please."

"For what?" winked back I. "Late registration fee," winked she.

(Professors, of course, never think of passing on practical information like this, but instead spend classtime speculating about the academic chance of the Old Woman in the Shoe's children being born out of wedlock.) And life goes merrily on.

Highway Philosophy

When a government gets BIG enough to satisfy your demands, it's big enough, good buddy, to take ALL you have!

Don't put off today the things you intend to do tomorrow.

row. It'll make you a liar two days in a row.

There are a lot of men worried about hardening of the arteries who need to be as concerned about the same thing happening to their hearts.

Man is marked with worries — from the cradle to the grave. Taxes, marriage and old age, don't do much toward making the last half of the hill any easier, either!

Drive a car,
Fast and Crazy!
You'll be pushing
Up a daisy!

Today's parting safety shot from Florida Highway Patrol Bossman H. N. Kirkman: The man who day dreams behind the wheel is most likely to get himself treated to a nightmare from some hospital bed.

Our Queer Lingo

by Clyde Ziegler

When the English tongue we speak

Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?

Will you tell me why it's true We say "sew" but likewise "few"?

And the maker of a verse Cannot rhyme his "horse" with "worse"?

"Beard" is not the same as "heard";

"Cord" is different from "word";

"Cow" is cow but "low" is low; "Shoe" is never spelled like "foe".

Think of "hose" and "dose" and

think of

"goose" and yet of "choose"; Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb".

"Doll" and "roll" and "home" and "some".

And since "pay" is rhymed with "say"

"Mould" is not pronounced like "could".

Think of "blood" and "food" and "good";

Why not "paid" with "said", I pray?

Wherefore "done", but "gone" and "lone".

Is there any reason known? To sum up all, it seems to me

Sounds and letters don't agree.

They said it couldn't
be done...
They said nobody
could do it...
but —

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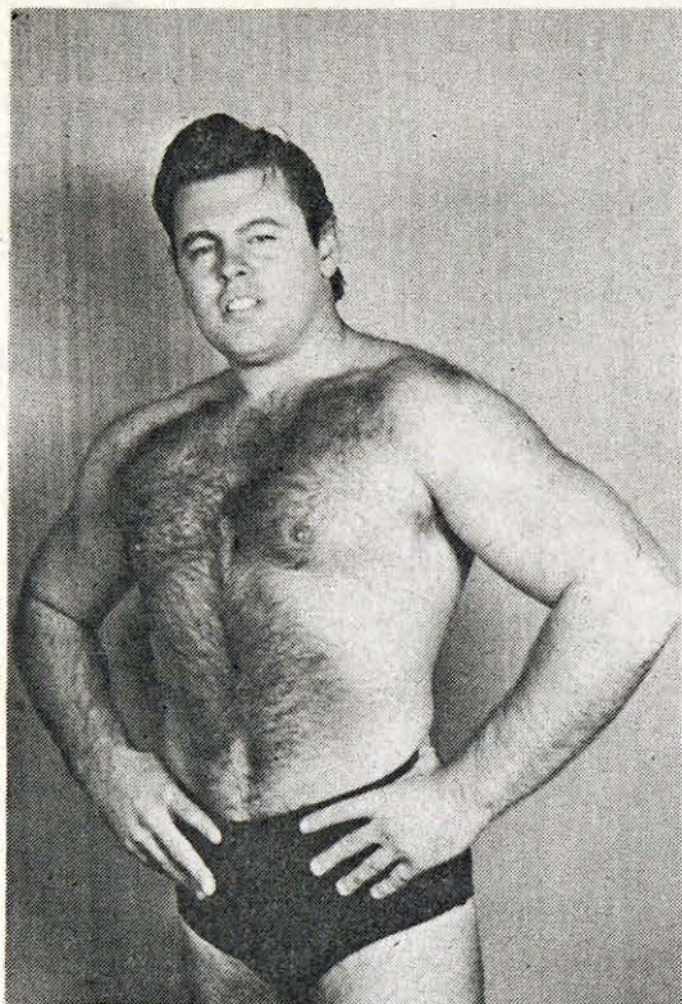
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Professional Wrestler Football Award Winners



Dickie Amnotte, pre-law honor student at the University of Tampa, took another step forward in his wrestling career last night, by defeating Don Scott of Kentucky, in a two out of three fall match, held at the Coliseum in Sarasota, Dickie's home town.

Dickie, who in the past had only wrestled in the summer and Easter vacations, since turning pro two years ago, now will be wrestling two and three times a month, during the winter season, as he has just signed with promoter "Cowboy" Luttrell and promoter Pat O'Hara, for a series of wrestling matches throughout the state.

Dickie, whose wrestling internship started when he was two years old, when, in fun, wrestled with his dad, on the white sandy beach of Lake Michigan in Chicago, where his dad, also a professional wrestler, was wrestling for Fred Koehler, the wrestling impresario of Illinois. Dickie's dad, at one time, was heavyweight wrestling champion of France, a title he never lost, but had to forfeit, on leaving his native country, (Dickie is of French parentage) his parents coming from Bordeaux, France, and Dick speaks the language fluently.

Upon completing his course of study at the University of Tampa, Dickie is in hopes of being accepted at the Stetson Law School in St. Petersburg, where it is his ambition to complete his law training, and become a good lawyer, a feat that

was accomplished by another wrestler, if you will read your history books, Abraham Lincoln, a photo of Abe Lincoln is prominently displayed in the majority of wrestling booking offices all over the country. And we believe he succeeded pretty well in his law practice.

When Dickie made the honor roll, this last semester, he went to the local newspapers, so that they would have it in the papers, to prove that wrestlers are not what some people might think they are, big, burly brutes, with no education, but than on the contrary, the majority of wrestlers are college graduates, who, until they decide to retire from the sport they love, will wrestle night after night, throughout the years, to accumulate as much money as they can, to, in later years, open their different respective offices, some accountants, some dentists, law, as in Dickie's case, and like one in particular, the one time great Stanley Zbyske, a graduate medical student at the University of Krakow in Poland, never opened his medical office, he wrestled till he was sixty-five years old, and retired on a farm in Missouri. Dickie, on the contrary, is very set in only wrestling till he gets his diploma from Stetson, then he plans on opening his own law office, and quitting the mat world.

Dick is of the scientific school of wrestling, relying on his skill and strength to win his matches, a feat that so far, he has been very successful at, having eighty wins against no losses.

The University of Tampa announces the football award winners for the 1959 season. The 8 seniors, 4 juniors, 6 sophomores and 6 freshmen who received varsity T's are as follows. Number in parenthesis indicates years lettered.

Seniors: Captain Ken Belliveau, E, Springfield, N. J. (3); Alt. Captain Wayne Story, C, Webster, Fla. (4); Dick Leis, G, Lakeland, Fla. (4); Bill Nuznoff, QB, Detroit, Mich. (3); Lowell Freeman, G, Milton, W. Va. (2); Charles Coleman, E & C, Jacksonville, Fla. (4); Fred Cason, FB, Plant City, Fla. (2); Paul Davis, HB, Lakeland, Fla. (3).

Juniors: Billy Turner, QB, Auburndale, Fla. (3); Mike Whitwell, HB, Pensacola, Fla. (3); Gil Rodriguez, T, Tampa, Fla. (3); Done Econe, T, Beneld, Illinois (2).

Sophomores: Jerry Lawson, T, Starke, Fla. (1); John Mitchell, HB, Princeton, Ky. (1); Charles McCullers, HB, Plant City, Fla. (1); Buddy Williams, HB, Wauchula, Fla. (1); Ron Tecza, C, Passaic, N. J. (2); Billy Smith, HB, Ft. Meade, Fla. (1).

Freshmen: John Felicione, G, Tampa, Fla. (1); Norman White, G, Jacksonville, Fla. (1); Dick Walter, T, Catlettsburg, Ky. (1); Dave Davenport, E, West Palm Beach, Fla. (1); Charles Bailey, E, Poca, W. Va. (1); Gay Gould, FB, Cocoa, Fla. (1).

Numerals were given to: Bill Rouse, HB, Avon Park, Fla.; Bill Osler, QB, Mt. Ephraim, N. J.; John Hanna, E, Philadelphia, Pa.; Dan Worsham, T, Tarpon Springs, Fla.; Buck Hurley, C, Bloomington, Ind.

Special Awards recipients were: Charles Coleman, Most Valuable Player; Ken Belliveau, Outstanding Lineman; Fred Cason, Outstanding Back; Lowell Freeman, Best Blocker; Buddy Williams, Most Improved.

Also, Scholastic Awards went to Ron Tecza and Billy Smith.

Roosevelt Had Read Them All

Theodore Roosevelt, who once visited the University of Tampa (when it was the Tampa Bay Hotel, of course), had read, it seemed, almost every important or unimportant book that had been published. In Bishop's "Notes and Anecdotes of Many Years," the author said of Roosevelt, "The scope of his reading included the whole field of human knowledge." Whenever Bishop and Roosevelt discussed a book, the fact remained that Roosevelt had thoroughly "digested the contents," and Bishop was not sure that he had read the book carefully after all.

A woman who often talked with Roosevelt said she thought surely she had found a

A GLANCE AT THE SPARTANS

The University of Tampa ended their season by being invited to the district tournament at Macon, Georgia. The Spartans ended their season with a 9 and 18 record. The Spartans played the whole season with just one senior, two juniors, one sophomore and five freshmen. The starting five in most all the games were Billy Turner and Fred Guzielek at guards, Lamont Craft at center and Bob Swigert and Marlin Clark at the forward positions. During the season the Spartans lost many games by a margin of less than 5 points. Tampa will have the whole squad returning except for Guzielek, and will give the teams in the Florida Intercollegiate Basketball Conference a fight for the championship as all these new boys gained the asset of experience.

The Spartans have fought all the way at every basketball game at home and away and we as students at the University of Tampa should support the athletic teams that participate in intercollegiate activities. It is a little late to talk about school spirit for the Basketball team but the Crew and Baseball seasons are beginning and it is up to us to support these sports. There is no fee for the admittance to these events and thus there is no reason why you can't attend if you are interested in these sports. Football practice began March 2nd and the public is invited to all these practice sessions. Coach Marcelino Huerta and his staff will spend a long time on fundamentals and under game conditions.

There are many newcomers to the Spartan squad, among them Joe Gaultieri, Terry Underwood, Pat Mahoney and Sam Rodriguez and Bobby Banks. The finale of Spring Practice will be climaxed with a game with the Alumni. So, until I see you at the contests that the University of Tampa will meet some formidable opponent, so long.

book which Roosevelt did not know about. At dinner one day, Bishop relates, she asked, "Mr. President, are you interested in Icelandic literature?" He gave a quick smile and said, "Am I not?", and then went on to tell her all about her "one lonely Icelandic." And that was not all. He told her of dozens of other books on the subject that she had not heard of.

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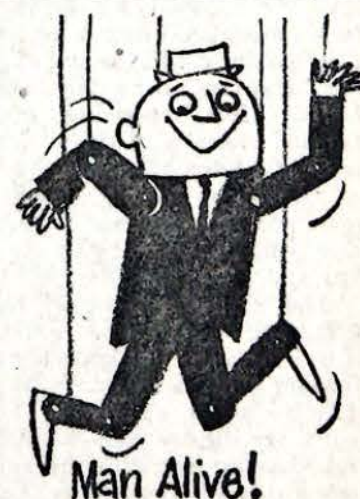
by Clyde Ziegler

The 400,000 American Indians are by far the worst fed, worst clad and worst housed group in the United States. These people, recipients of the poorest educational and medical services in the country, are in a state of social and psychological maladjustment.

This is a situation of which the American public is only dimly aware. The terrible poverty of the peoples of Asia and Africa prevails today on the Indian reservations. It is the relative insignificance of the Indian minority position which obscures from the public the fact, for example, that the infant mortality rate of our Southwest Indians is 139.4 per 1000 births as compared with 33.2 per thousand for non-Indians in the same geographical area.

The Federal Government wastes millions of dollars which might be used more justly and efficiently for the improvement of conditions among our American Indians. A House committee headed by Rep. Fascell (D. Fla.) reported recently that "millions of dollars have been needlessly expended in excess costs, loose contract administration, and overall laxness in protecting U.S. interests in the areas of foreign government, taxes, and profits which were included as elements of cost in offshore procurement contracts." The same report stated that planes were given to a country that had no pilots to fly them. Vehicles were given to a country that had no gasoline to run them.

We certainly do not believe in penny-pinching when it comes to our world-wide military assistance program. However, the incredible waste and inefficiency not only drain the taxpayer, but also deprive our needy Indians of the basic aid they deserve for their existence and betterment.



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COURT JESTER

by Clyde Ziegler

One of the sparsely-bearded Theta Chis was sitting in the Spartan Room the other day when a coed friend came by. He called out, "Hey, Nancy, when are you going to take that mask off?" Without a thought Nancy slashed, "When are you going to grow a beard?"

Two salesmen introduced themselves to a couple of attractive girls in a hotel lobby. "We're the Chesterfield boys — we're mild, but we satisfy." After a quick glance, one of the girls replied: "We're the Super Market girls — we have everything, but we don't deliver."

The other day a professor was starting a lecture and ask-

ed about Queen Elizabeth I. One bright student in the back of the room piped up with, "She was the Virgin Queen." The Prof smiled wickedly and remarked, "Don't you people ever think about anything else?"

"Uncle Morris, Shirley ate a poison mushroom!" "Don't bother me, Sheldon. I'm busy." "Uncle Morris, Shirley fell into the river. She's going to drown!" "The mushrooms would have gotten her, anyway."

The tobacco stems and feathers they put around the edges of the lawn didn't keep anyone off, so now they are going to put that mess on the sidewalks

where it will do some good.

"What's this?" the psychiatrist asked the disturbed young man, showing him a triangle. "A keyhole, and boy, what's going on behind there!" "And this?" continued the doctor, showing the man a rectangle. "A motel window, and boy, what's going on behind there!" "And this?" he concluded, showing him a circle. "A port-hole, and boy oh boy, what's going on behind there." "Well," said the psychiatrist, "you certainly are sexually disturbed." "I'm sexually disturbed! What about you — showing me all those dirty pictures?"

NEXT

MINARET

DEADLINE

MARCH

6th

COPY MUST

BE IN!

Campus Cross Country

by Clyde Ziegler

There's a move by a few Boulderites to outlaw 3.2 beer in Boulder County, Colorado. "It would be like taking Ivy out of the League," said CU's Colorado Daily.

"The consequences could be one of two things," it continued. "Either University people would mass-migrate to wetter climes or a smuggling ring would spring up with black-market prices to keep the guzzling enrollment intact. Either the complete collapse or the criminal degeneration of our campus. The choice must never be made."

Ever heard of Irving Popoff? According to the *Oklahoma Daily*, he is a newly discovered baseball great. Irving was placed above Ruth, Cobb and Williams in a baseball poll. Here are just a few of his fabulous records:

Most endorsements of commercial products in a single season—1,026. (He was the first athlete to endorse two different brands of cigarettes in the same publication.)

Most hotdogs and soft drinks consumed during regular season game—16 hot dogs and eight bottles of big orange drink.

Most fans struck by tossed bats during season—76, including three times his bat hit the same old lady during a double header.

Most times spit at pressbox during season—54. (This includes twice that he actually hit it.)

As great as he was, Irving Popoff did have one minor drawback that kept his greatness from becoming known—he was a lousy baseball player.

From Stratford College:

The fog
Comes
On little cat feet
As you sit for a test
and sits on silent haunches
Hovering over every desk
And then moves on—
Only sometimes it doesn't.

Gourmets

Are you fond of seafood? If you are, and if your definition of seafood includes the elegant and toothsome eel, you might like to clip this 14th century recipe for "eel reversed" and paste it in your cookbook:

"Take a large eel and steam it, then slice it along the back the length of the bone on both sides, in such manner that you draw out the bone, tail and head all together, then wash and turn it inside out, to wit the flesh outwards, and let it be tied from place to place; and set it to boil in red wine. Then take it out and cut the thread with a knife or scissors, and set it to cool on a towel.

"Then take ginger, cinnamon, cloves, flour of cinnamon, grain of Paradise, nutmegs, and bray them and set them aside. Then take bread toasted and well brayed, and let it not be strained, but moistened with wine wherein the eel hath been cooked and boil all together in an iron pan and put in verjuice, wine and vinegar, and cast them on the eel."

THINKLISH

English: SCANDAL MAGAZINE



Thinklish translation: This magazine is put out by a bunch of troubleshooters. Their other monthly offerings: a horror series (*feariodical*), pin-up pictures (*leeriodical*) and a fortune tellers' gazette (*seeriodical*). Naturally, none carries ads mentioning the honest taste of fine tobacco. Who'd want Lucky Strike mixing with that crowd? As for the scandal sheet, it's a *smeariodical* which deserves nothing but *snuhicity*.

MAKE \$25

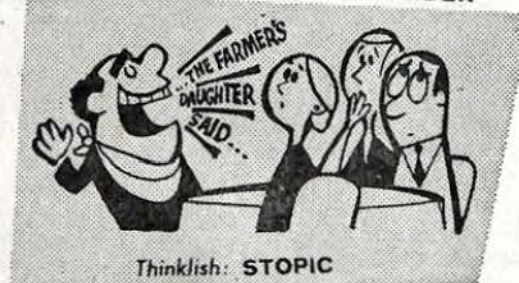
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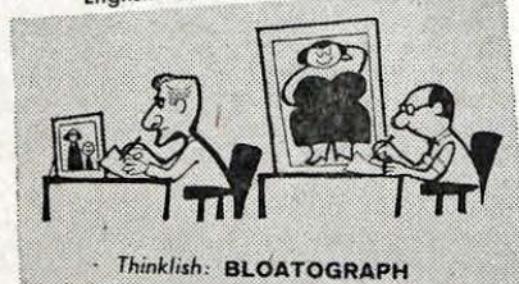
English: CONVERSATION ENDER



Thinklish: STOPIC

LARRY GINGER, EASTERN ILLINOIS U.

English: ENLARGED PICTURE



Thinklish: BLOATOGRAPH

ALDACE HOWARD, PACIFIC U.

English: BIKINI BATHING SUIT



Thinklish: PUNIFORM

R. BYRON GODFREY, N. CAROLINA STATE

English: NEARSIGHTED BASKETBALL TEAM



Thinklish: SQUINTET

BERENICE WYER, WESTBROOK JR. COLL.

English: POLICE PUBLICITY



Thinklish: COPAGANDA

WALTER FREY, III, TRINITY COLLEGE

A Look In The Mirror

by Ed Van Gelder

Are European universities better than American institutions of higher learning? Are the graduates of American institutions more poorly educated than those whose degrees have been conferred by the universities of Europe? Many of us may have discussed these questions. Magazines and newspapers may have drawn attention to the matter. In order to form a well-supported opinion, one should be thoroughly aware of the conditions in the countries whose institutions are being compared with ours. One should be acquainted with the needs of these countries, with their economy, their social structure, their political system, their customs, and above all with their people. If comparison is made in the light of this knowledge, maybe our schools are not so bad after all. One thing is certain, they are truly American!

How American they seem to the Europeans was set forth in an article called "The City of Bachelors," which appeared in the Dutch magazine "Revue," on December 6, 1958. Below you will find an exact translation of this report.

If our American universities are indeed what this article would have its readers believe they are, perhaps we had better start making some drastic changes in our educational system on a higher level. However, although our school system and certain curricula may need a tune-up here and there, it is hard to believe that we are that far "gone." Since in our country we do not have to adhere to the dogma of a totalitarian government, we fortunately can make changes when the time calls for it. Granted we have some luxurious colleges in this country, and American students certainly enjoy a more "balanced" program of education than students in many other countries. But to say that

It ain't for knowledge
That we come to college
But to raise (one thing or another)

While we are here — this certainly is a little far-fetched. And that is what this rather misleading article "The City of Bachelors" makes our European friends believe.

The City of Bachelors

America knows three types of bachelor cities: Those with the Fords, those with the shining Chryslers, and last the cities with a mixed car-pool. But never are the automobiles missing in the enormous cities which here are called "universities" and which consist of ten to thirty sportgrounds, a few college buildings, and the "campus." The latter is an enormous boarding-school in which sometimes more than ten thousand students are living, because distances in America are usually too great to commute every day.

One who enters the main building of a middle-large university, understands at once

why young Americans like to study so much. Left and right of the entrance are rows of telephone booths (or rather telephone rooms) where girl students often telephone for ten, twenty, or more minutes at a stretch, sometimes with a portable radio besides them in case they would like some music to go with it. To the rear of the hall, usually two escalators lead downstairs: one to an underground department store, the other to a movie theatre, which, however, is visited less and less since every one has television in his room anyway. Furthermore there are in the main building some hundred party rooms; the students love to organize parties, but since the girls after nine o'clock at night no longer may find themselves on the premises of the boys, it has become necessary to make use of party rooms on a "neutral ground." Practically every girl has a "friend" among the students, which is not to be accredited to the good attributes of young Americans, but to the desire of the girls to be sure of a date whenever there are special events going on.

Weddings in the city of bachelors are few; it sometimes even happens that students have to sign an official document, that they will not marry during their years of study. This is the case when a giant firm sees possibilities in a boy or girl and generously offers to pay for all the costs—tuition, fees, and a sufficient amount of pocket-money. On certain conditions, of course. In the first place the student will have to specialize in the field set forth by that firm. Secondly he has to spend a part of his spare time in the firm. And thirdly he has to obtain his diploma or doctoral within a specified number of years and then step directly into the philanthropic factory to stay there for at least nine years. After that the young doctor or engineer most likely will not change employment because with his specialized training he cannot go anywhere else.

So there are American students who at the age of eighteen already know what the next fifteen years of their life will look like, and they peacefully submit themselves to this. One who regularly visits a university, can pick them out right away. They all look like each other. Together they make up half of the student body and they belong to the type who, according to a survey, spend two hours per day listening to the radio, who buy six jazz albums per month, and who get a haircut as soon as the hair is longer than $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch.

There is another strange bird that flutters around the campus: the one who did not really come to school to study, but who more or less has been bought. When a schoolboy at the age of seventeen is a star in baseball, his father may expect a visit of representatives from several universities. They will

assure him, after the usual compliments, that it would be a sin if his son could not continue his study. With such an extraordinary talent as his Robert possesses, a shortage of money may not be a hindrance to his further development, and the university will be most happy to pay for all costs as long as sonny remains to stand out on the baseball field.

Pa, of course, is very much flattered and agrees to cooperate fully; the representatives of the universities fight on a high level as to which one is going to walk away with the boy, but finally they will agree that the boy may choose himself between the universities of A and B. It is usually the money which makes the decision. The representative of B, for instance, puts a thousand dollars in the hands of Robert, and the representative of A only five hundred, so the baseball star goes to B, where between the training periods he finds just enough time to cut the pages of his text books.

Of course in the American universities one will also find the regular students, as we know them in the European institutions of higher learning, but in America they live much more carefree and richer because the State and a few giant firms pour streams of money into the universities.

Every university which has at least a little respect for itself, has its own radio station that for a few hours a day blasts the campus news around, sometimes its own television station, but above all its own weekly paper, which is very cheap but also very annoying. Students who want to earn some extra money in order to buy a new car or to save for a big trip, can in the first place find a job with the campus cafeteria. Every dormitory resident gets his breakfast in bed nine out of ten days but must on the tenth day serve the others. This unpleasant duty can be bought off by the breakfast service for two or three dollars, which then is pocketed by the one who replaces the other student.

Of the two students who room together, one makes up the beds immediately after breakfast, the other cleans the room; something which the boys can do much more quickly than the girls. These tasks are not allowed to be delegated. Furthermore, the mornings are spent for the greater part on the sportgrounds, where a complete staff of sport instructors are ready to help the students of religion prefer golf, students of philosophy prefer no sport at all, and most of the others play baseball, or at least sit along the side-line. Baseball is so popular that on the day the baseball team plays an important game, there will be no classes. Yes, there are classes on other days, although up to now you may not have noticed it. The classrooms do

Theta Chi Dream Girl Contest

LIST OF EVENTS, TIMES, AND PLACES FOR THETA CHI DREAMGIRL CONTEST

Please Note! Each candidate may select either her Sorority President or close friend to accompany her to all events which call for No Dates except the dinner. The girl you select is not in the contest, just to help you be more at ease.

Wednesday, March 4

1st Interview
8:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.
Mr. & Mrs. Karl King,
3107 Emerson St.
Dress — Dressy Cotton
No Dates

Sunday, March 8

Tea for Candidates, Brothers and Dates
Rawlings Room. U. of T.
Dress — Cocktail Dress
With Dates

Tuesday, March 10

2nd Interview—Lawn Party
8:00 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.
2719 Riverside Dr.
Dress — Sportswear
No Dates

Thursday, March 12

Informal Party
8:00 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.
Lowry Park
Dress — Sportswear
With Dates

Friday, March 13

Dinner
6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.
Morrisonette Room
Dress — Cocktail Dress
No Dates

Friday, March 13

Ring Dance
9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.
Dress — Formal
With Dates

Saturday, March 14

Dreamgirl Party
8:00 to 12:00 p.m.
Place to be announced
Dress — Informal
With Dates

Theta Chi will supply transportation to and from all events which call for NO DATES. Please be ready 15 minutes before stated starting times above. Also, please have the girl you select to accompany you be at your home so both of you can be picked up at once. We hope you have a wonderful time and best of luck!

— CANDIDATES —

Alpha Chi Omega —
Joan Jones
Delta Zeta —
Diana Ray

Sigma, Sigma, Sigma —
Sylvia Fernandez
Zeta Tau Alpha —
Vilma Tamargo

SPOKEN NEWSPAPER

In colonial times the clergy of New England frequently re-

ferred to, or related, items of news during the church service. However, the highest development of the "spoken newspaper" was in Michigan. Father Gabriel Richard, a priest of the order of St. Sulpice, arrived in Detroit in 1798, and after assuming the pastorate of the Church of St. Anne, arranged to have a town crier stand at the church steps after the service on Sunday and tell the news, announce coming events, and advertise auction sales. For the benefit of those who did not hear the town crier (that is, those who were not at the church on Sundays) he had a copy of what the crier read posted in front of the church after the service.

Between five and eight p.m. the big restaurant is open; upon showing a meal ticket everyone gets a rather good meal. The evening is for study, television and car trips. One cannot blame the reader if he asks himself whether or not anyone learns anything in these universities. Yet this is the case. Most of the students, however, make such an emaciated choice of subjects and specialize so precisely, that they only have to attend classes for a short time and for the rest can try their best at self-study . . . and baseball.

not fill up before two o'clock in the afternoon, and usually the universities are so overcrowded that the professors have not the slightest idea who their students are. However, skipping class is done so much that there is a joke circulating about a girl who lived on campus for two years and still did not know which subjects she was enrolled in.

From this spoken and written newspaper came the first printed paper in Michigan, *The Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer*. Father Richard chose as his editor and publisher a member of his parish, James M. Miller. The paper was printed in both French and English, because a large part of the population of Detroit was French. The French portion of the paper was written by Father Richard himself. The first number was issued Aug. 31, 1809.